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One year, in advance, \$2 00  
If paid within six months, 2 50  
At the end of the year, 3 00

## Poet's Corner.



## The Church-Yard Stile.

BY ELIZA COOK.

I left you young and gay, Mary,  
When last the thorn was white;  
I went upon my way, Mary,  
And all the more seemed bright:  
For tho' my love had not been told,  
Yet, yet I saw thy form  
Beside me, in the midnight watch,  
Ab ve me, in the storm.  
And many a blissful dream I had,  
That brought thy gentle smile,  
Just as it came when last we leaned  
Upon the church-yard stile.

I'm here to seek thee now, Mary,  
As all I loved the best;  
To fondly tell thee how, Mary,  
I've hid thee in my breast;  
I came to yield thee up my heart,  
With hope, and truth, and joy,  
And crown with manhood's loudest faith,  
The feelings of the boy.

I breathed thy name, but every pulse  
Grew still and cold the while;  
For I was told thou wert asleep,  
Just by the church-yard stile.

My mementoes deemed me brave, Mary,  
Upon the sinking ship;  
But flowers o'er thy grave, Mary,  
Have power to blanch my lip.  
I felt no power of quailing fear,  
And the wrecking shriek,  
But pale and weak I tremble here  
Upon the osier turf.

I came to meet thy happy face,  
And woo thy gleesome smile,  
And only find thy resting place  
Close by the church-yard stile.

Oh, years may pass away, Mary,  
And sorrow lose its sting,  
For time is kind, they say, Mary,  
And dies with healing wing;  
The world may make me old and wise,  
And hope may make me brave,  
And other joys and other ties  
May link me to the earth;

But when I'm living to the last,  
Shall treasure up thy smile,  
That called me back to find thy grave,  
Beside the church-yard stile.

## Humorous Tales.

From Porter's Spirit of the Times.

## A Tight Night:

HOW WE WENT ON A "BUST" IN NEW YORK.

Tom and I are Bohemians. I don't mean we were born in the festive spot called Bohemia, but Bohemians in the Parisian sense of the word. We room together, work together, spend our money—when we have any—together, and I am ashamed to say it—often smile too frequently together.

Well, Tom and I were sitting in our attic, smoking our pipes, and meditating on that grand historical picture we are always going to paint, and which we never do, when we were interrupted by hearing a quick step ascending the stairs.

"Hallo, here's a dun," cried Tom.  
"I trust not," said I.

Our apprehensions were soon quieted. Jim Brine burst into the room, his face radiant with joy.

"Well, fellows, how goes it?"  
"Bad," we cried, both in a breath; "our hooey is nearly out, haven't tasted bier all day, and of oohre we are minus."

"No matter," said Jim, "congratulate me. Bombaste has accepted my play, handed me over the tin, and now I'm going to spend it."

"Hurrah. What did you get?"  
"Only two hundred; little enough; but then I wanted the money so devilish bad, that I was glad to get it."

"How's the landlady—you haven't forgotten her?"  
"Oh, no, I have made her happy for some time to come. She said she always knew I was a gentleman, but a poor lone woman must be careful in looking after that little that is owing her. I soon cut her short, gave her five dollars to buy a new cap—more than she deserves. But what's the odds as long as you're happy? Let us go and play a game of billiards."

Jim, for the last two months had been in a state of siege. He used to watch for the landlady going to market, and when she had gone, he would steal quietly down stairs and away. Once out of the house, there was no danger; for he took good care not to return till every one had gone to bed.

Mrs. Macfarlane soon got accustomed—or, as Jim says, "fly"—to this mode of proceeding. So she would call out at the top of the basement stairs, "Mary, I'm going to market; if any one calls, I shall be back in half an hour." She would then open the hall door, shut it again with great violence, return to the parlor, and lay in wait for poor Jim coming down stairs, who had nothing left him but to make a bolt directly he saw her.

The charge of the light brigade at Balaclava was more honorable; but certainly not more hazardous.

Things at last arrived at such a pitch, that he was afraid to venture down stairs. He locked his door, lit his pipe, and awaited the assault of the enemy. She soon commenced the attack—Jim let off a volley of

anathemas, which, as she attended meetings regularly, so astonished her that she left the field in dismay.

Matters, however, were settled amicably by Bombaste accepting Jim's play.

"Well, are you coming to play this game of billiards?"

"Yes," and we sallied forth arm in arm.

How many games we played, or how many drinks we had, I know not. Some time afterwards we found ourselves in Broadway.

The first thing that attracted our attention was a large placard, asking us if we had used a peculiar kind of candy.

"Hold on," said Jim; and he entered the store. We followed.

"Is Mr. — in?" inquired Jim, asking for the proprietor.

"Yes, sir," said a young lady, who was officiating at the counter. "Do you wish to see him?"

"If you please."

We were wondering what in the name of fortune Jim wanted to see him about, when the individual in question made his appearance.

"Did you wish to see me, gentlemen?"

"Yes," said Jim; "I hope you will excuse me; but you propound a very startling question."

"Indeed! what is that, sir?"

"You wish to know if we use your candy. We have merely called in to say we don't."

"Good night, sir!"

We walked out, leaving the store keeper petrified with astonishment.

"Where shall we go next?" said Tom.

"I don't know; I wish we were in Paris."

"Or London; then we might go to Evans' or the cider cellars."

Many places were mentioned, but scout-ed soon as proposed.

"Let us take a stroll."

"Agreed."

We lit our cigars, and promenaded down Broadway, amusing ourselves by crossing the road as often as possible, and giving a gentle pull at the omnibus doors as they passed, which caused the driver to pull up, and look through the hole for his sixpence.

As nobody wanted to get out, he would drive on again, swearing audibly at the passengers, for making a fool of him.

When we got to pearl, Jim said:

"Let us go down here, and we will have a lark."

"Go ahead, where you lead, we are bound to follow."

Jim stopped opposite a coffin store, drew out his handkerchief, settled his usually jovial-looking face into one of profound melancholy, and entered.

When we opened the door we heard sounds of laughter proceeding from the back parlor, but it was hushed instantly, and a man, the very picture of intense grief, emerged therefrom.

"What can I have the plea?" (he was about to say pleasure, but checked himself, and said)—"what can I do for you?"

"I want," said Jim, "to look at some coffins," and he heaved a deep sigh.

"Yes, sir. That style of coffin is very fashionable now, sir. It is liked exceedingly. It is neat, but at the same time effective."

"What is the price?"

"Ten dollars. You will find it a very serviceable article. I know you will be satisfied with it, sir. I sell a great number of that style of thing. It gives universal satisfaction."

"Do you think it will do, Charles?" said Jim, turning to me.

Not knowing what the dickens he meant to do with it if he bought it, I said I thought it would.

"Well, then, I will take eight."

"Eight!" said the man, surprised.

"Yes. I suppose you won't charge for sending them to the boat. I want to take them to Fort Hamilton."

"Dear, dear me, sir. Are they all for your own family?"

"Yes," said Jim. "Father, mother, brothers, sisters, all gone!" and he pressed his handkerchief to his face.

"Certainly, sir, I'll send them free of all charge."

"Thank you. Could you oblige me with a drink of water?"

"Would you prefer the brandy?"

"It might be better; I want something to sustain me."

The man produced his brandy, and we all partook of some. He made inquiries of Jim about the yellow fever at Fort Hamilton, with a view, I presume, of sending some coffins there on speculation.

Jim assured him that the papers, far from exaggerating things, had underrated them, when he gave a convulsive sob, and said:

"Excuse me for a few moments," and rushed from the shop.

Tom and I, under the pretence of looking after him, left also, glad to get away so easily.

We found Jim at the top of Pearl street holding an animated conversation with the gentleman who owns the large telescope, concerning whether it was inhabited or not, and insisting on looking through without charge, as he was connected with the press.

"I say, that was done first rate, wasn't it? Merit ought not go unrewarded—let us have some supper."

"With all my heart, where shall we go?"

"Let us go up to the—"

"All right, go on."

We managed to get up as far as Grand without any incident worth recording, when Jim espied a "star," and insisted on addressing him.

"Mr. Star," said Jim, "excuse me for speaking to you without a formal introduction."

"Well, what is it?"

"You are a member, I presume, of this free and enlightened country."

"Yes, I guess so."

"Ah, I thought so. What do you think—I ask you as a man of honor, and as a man of integrity—what do you think of the internal policy of the Government of Springatam?"

The only answer the man of honor and integrity gave, was, "You go on, now, or else you'll be locked up."

Jim, after exhorting him to "keep cool," and requesting him to remember him kindly to his mother, walked on.

Broomie was reached, and Jim said he had to make a call there.

"Very well, we will wait here."

"No, come along with me."

Jim ascended the steps of a very respectable looking house, on the hall door of which there was a knocker; he seized it, and gave a tremendous rapping, loud enough to awaken the dead. Before he had relinquished the knocker, the door was opened, and a man demanded what he wanted.

"I wish to look at the rooms here, if you please."

"A nice time," said the man, "to look at rooms just as people are going to bed."

"I am aware it is an unreasonable hour, but I am detained in business all day, so it is impossible for me to call earlier."

"You might be sure of the house before you knock people up. We don't let rooms here."

"You don't! Pardon me, is this not No. —?"

"No, sir," said the man, somewhat softened; "this is —. No. — is across the way."

"Thank you."

The man closed the door. Jim, merely to let him know he had been sold, honked him with a mysterious noise, in imitation of the crowing of a cock.

We found ourselves shortly afterwards in a nice cosy box of the — restaurant, ordering supper.

On our calling "waiter!" an Irishman made his appearance with, "What do you please to want, sur?"

"Bring me," said Jim, "a stewed bifurcated anchylosis."

"A stewed what, sur?"

"A bifurcated anchylosis stewed."

"Yes, sur."

Tom, not to be behindhand, determined to get off a little Welsh; so he ordered a broiled pethyrahourth, dressed with pickled asteroids.

"Och, Lord a marcy! an' I never heard of sich before. An' it's not on the bill of fare, I'm thinking ye'll find 'em."

Jim and Tom assured him they were perfectly in earnest. If he could not understand them, to send the cook.

"But is it on the bill of fare, they are, sur?"

"Never mind that. You tell your cook—he will know what is wanted."

The man, supposing them to be perfectly incorrigible, went away; and in a few minutes the cook appeared, knife in hand, ready to take our order.

Supper, after some difficulty, was at last ordered, soon served, and as quickly disappeared.

Jim, with the intention of confusing the waiter, told him to bring us three "mudragoris." He soon got over the difficulty, however, by bringing us brandy, which, I have no doubt, did just as well.

When Jim was paying our score, he suggested one more drink. Nothing loath, we readily acquiesced. Jim was by this time very dignified, and insisted upon everybody, when they addressed him to use that respect due from one gentleman to another.

The bar-keeper, hearing drinks mentioned, desired to know what he wanted.

"Give me a hot brandy cock-tail," said Jim.

"Hot what, sur?" said the bar-keeper, thinking he must have misunderstood him, hearing such an unusual order given.

"Hot brandy cock tail. Did you never hear of that before?"

"No, sir, they are never made hot."

"No matter whether they are or not—I want one, so give it to me. How dare you dictate to a gentleman?"

"All right, sir, you shall have one.—Patrick, bring me some hot water."

The bar-keeper mixed one, put in ice, and the usual ingredients, then added hot water. Jim drank it, declared it was the best drink he ever tasted, and would never touch anything but cock-tails, hot.

What followed next, I am not quite sure about. I have an indistinct remembrance of our taking a respectable old physician's sign down, and attaching it to a house where noutambulists retire for the night; but retire for the remainder of the morning, would be more correct.

But this I am quite certain of. I awoke the next morning, with a horrible cottony mouth, and not a penny in my pocket to procure a cocktail, or even a soda-water. Reader, pity me.

## Poiling a Rival.

"The critter loves me! I know she loves me!" said Jonathan Doubikins, as he sat upon the cornfield fence, meditating on the course of his true love, that was running just as Shakespeare always said it did—rather roughly. "If Sucky-Peabody has taken a shine to that gawky, long-shanked, stammerin' shy critter, Gusset, jest 'cause he's a city fellur, she ain't, the gal I took her for—that's sartin. Nol it's the old folks—darn their ugly pictures—Old Mrs. Peabody was always a dreadful hifalutin' critter, full of big notions, and the old man is a regular softhead, driven about by his wife jest as our old one-eyed rooster is drove about by our cantankerous five-toed Dorkin' hen. But if I don't spoil his fun my name ain't Jonathan. I'm going down to the city by the railroad next week, and when I come back—wake snakes! that's all."

The above soliloquy may serve to give the reader some slight idea of the "lay" of the land" in the pleasant rustic village where the speaker resided.

Mr. Jonathan Doubikins was a young farmer, well to do in the world, and looking out for a wife, and had been paying his addresses to Miss Susan Peabody, the only child of Deacon Elderberry Peabody of that ilk, with a fair prospect of success, when a city acquaintance of the Peabody's, Mr. Cornelius Gusset, who kept a retail dry goods shop in Hanover street, Boston, had suddenly made his appearance in the field, and had commenced the "cutting out" game. Dazzled with the prospect of becoming a gentleman's wife, and pestered with the importunities of her aspiring mama, the village beauty had begun to waver, when her old lover determined on a last and bold strike to foil his rival.—He went to the city and returned. Of his business there he said nothing—not even to a pumping maiden aunt who kept house for him. He went not near the Peabody's, but labored in his cornfield; patiently awaiting the result of his machinations.

The next day, Mr. Gusset was seated with the old folks and their daughter in the best room of the Peabody mansion, chatting as pleasantly as may be, when the door opened and in rushed a very dirty and very furious Irishwoman.

"It is there ye are, Mr. Cornelius," she screamed, addressing the astonished Gusset. "Come out of that, before I fetch ye, ye spalpeen! Is that what ye propised me afore the praste, ye haythen nagur? Rannin' away from me and the childer, forsakin' yer lawful wedded wife, and runnin' afther the yankee gals, ye infidel!"

"Woman, there must be some mistake here," stammered Gusset, taken all aback by this charge.

"Divil a bit of a mistake, ye sarpien.—O, wiral! wiral was it for the likes of ye! I saked little Dennis McCarty, who really loved the ground I thoged on, and all be-cause ye promised to make a lady of me, ye dirty thief of a worruld! Will ye come along to the railroad station, where I left little Patrick, be-cause he was too sick with the small pox to come any farther, or will ye wait till I drag ye?"

"Go—go—along," gasped Gusset; "go, and I'll follow you."

"I give ye tin minnits," said the virago. "If ye aint there, in my euzzin, Mr. Thad-dy Mulgruderry, will be afther ye, ye thief." And away went this "unbiddin' guest."

Mr. Gusset was yet engaged in stammering out a denial of all knowledge of the virago, when the parlor door was again opened, and a little black-eyed, hutchet-faced woman, in a flashy silk gown, and a cap with many ribbons perched on the top of her head, invaded the sanctity of the parlor.

"Is he here?" she cried, in a decided French accent. Then she added, with a scream, "ah! mon Dieu! le viol! Zere he is. Traître, monstre! Vot for you run away from me? Dis two, tree year I never see you, nevair, and my heart broke ver bad entirely."

"Who are you?" cried Gusset, his eyes starting out of his head, and shivering from head to foot.

"He asks who I am. O, ladies! O, ye ver respectable old gentilhomme! hear vat he ask! Who am, *perfidus* ah! I am your wife!"

"I never see you 'Fore—so help me Bob!" cried Gusset, energetically.

"Don't you swear!" said Deacon Peabody. "Ef you do, I'll kick you into fits by golly! I won't hev no profane language in my house."

"Oh, bless you! bless you! respectable old man. Tell him he must come vix me. Tell him I have spake to zee constable. Tell him—" sobs interrupted her utterance.

"It's a pesky bad business!" said the deacon, chatting with unwonted ire—"Gusset, you are a rascal."

"Take care, Deacon Peabody, take care said the unfortunate shopkeeper.

"I remarked you was a rascal, Gusset. You've gone and married two wives, and that ere's that burglary, ef I know anything 'bout the Revised Statoots."

"Two wives!" shrieked the French woman.

"Half a dozen, for aught I know to the contrary!" said the deacon. "Now you

clear out of my house, go 'way to the station, and clear out into Boston. I won't hev nothing more to do with you."

"But deacon, hear me."

"I don't want to hear you, you rascal!" cried the deacon, stopping his ears with his hands. "Mariyin' two wives, an comin' courtin' a third. Go long, clear out!"

Even Mrs. Peabody, who was inclined to put in a word for the culprit, was silenced. Susan turned from him in horror, and in utter despair he fled to railway station, hotly pursued by the clamorous and indignant French woman.

That same evening, as Miss Susan Peabody was walking towards the village, she was overtaken by Mr. Jonathan Doubikins, dressed in his best, and driving his fast going horse before his Sunday go-to-meeting chaise. He reined up, and accosted her—

"Hallo, Suke! Get in and take a ride?"

"Don't care if I do, Jonathan," replied the young lady, accepting the proffered seat.

"I say—you," said Jonathan grinning. "that ere city fellur's turned out a poopy pup, aint he?"

"It's dreadful, if it's true!" replied the young lady.

"You had a narrow escape, didn't ye?" pursued the old lover. "But he warn't never of no account, anyhow. What do the old folks think about it?"

"They haint said a word sence he cleared out."

"Forgot that night I rode you home from singin' school?" asked Jonathan, suddenly branching off.

"No, I haint," replied the young lady, blushing and smiling at the same time.

"Remember them apples I gin you?"

"O yes."

"Well, they was good—wasn't they?"

"First rate, Jonathan."

"Got a hull orchard of them kind er fruit, Suke," said Jonathan suggestively.

Susan was silent.

"Gelang!" exclaimed Jonathan, putting the "brail" on the black horse. "Have you any idee where we are going to, Suke?"

"I'm going to the village."

"No, you aint; you're going long er me."

"Where to?"

"Providence. And you don't come back till you're Mrs. Doubikins no how you can fix it."

"How you talk Jonathan!"

"Darn the old folks!" cried Jonathan, putting on the string again. "Ef I was to leave you with them much longer, they'd be tradin' you off on to some city fellur with half a dozen wives already."

The next day, as Mr. and Mrs. Doubikins were returning home in their chaise Jonathan said, confidentially—

"May as well tell you now, Suke, for I haint any secrets from you, that Gusset never seen them women afore the day they came stompin' into your house and blowed him up. I had though. Cost me ten dollars, by thunder! I teacht 'em what to say, and I expect they done it well.—Old Gusset may be a sharp shopkeeper, but if he expects to get ahead of Jonathan Doubikins, he must get up a plaguy sight airlier of mornings."

FULL PARTICULARS.—A good story is told of an old lady who had received a letter from her son, a sailor on board a merchantman, which ran thus:

"Have been driven into the Bay of Fundy by a pomposse right in the teeth. It blowed great guns, and carried away the bowsprit; a heavy sea washed overboard the binnacle and companion, the captain lost his buadrant, and couldn't take any observation for fifteen days; at last we arrived at Halifax."

The old woman, who could not read herself, got a neighbor to repeat it to her three or four times, until she thought she had got it by heart. She then sallied out to tell the story.

"Oh, my poor son!"

"Why, what's the matter, mother? I hope no mischief?"

"Oh, thank God, he's safe! But he has been driven into the Bay of Firmament by a bamboozle right in the teeth—it blowed big guns, and they carried away the pulpit—a heavy sea washed overboard the pinnacle of the tabernacle—the captain lost his conjuration, and couldn't get any salvation for fifteen days—at last they arrived safe at Hallelujah."

"La, bless us! What a wonder they wasn't bent to atoms! Well, I wouldn't be a sailor."

Good.—The know nothing scoundrel who disgraces New Orleans by being its Mayor, issued his warrant to search the Hospital of the Sisters of Charity during the late riot, for concealed arms and munitions of war. The following "pome" quaintly but aptly describes the whole proceeding:

Ye maire found in ye hospital  
A darksome little cell,  
Beneath ye which he also found  
A dunk and noisome well.  
He peer-ed down into the hole,  
Saying "Gallant lads I ween,  
From the odor of this cavern,  
Tis ye powder Magazine."

Speculating in a Pair of Vases.



## THE POST.

## LEBANON, KY.

Wednesday Morning, Dec 3, 1856

## To Poets.

Our CARRIER BOY offers the reward of a fine SILVER PENCIL for the best written New Year's Address, to contain over seventy-five lines, and not exceed two hundred; to be handed into this office before the 25th of December.

Blank Verse will be acceptable.

From the feeling of the air to-day, coupled with the absence of a sufficient amount of caloric to render it comfortable, and the fluttering of old Boreas, one would suppose that our old grey-beard friend, Winter—had already made his advent among us. Speaking of winter, puts us in mind of those fine loads of Wood promised us by our delinquent patrons—when will they make their appearance? Speaking of wood puts us in mind of our fond and long cherished anticipations of the speedy completion of our branch railroad, so that we might be enabled to use coal. Speaking of coal puts us in mind of the fact of that article having been sold in Louisville for a few weeks past at fifty cents per bushel, but owing to the rise of water, we presume it will come down, (both in price and in the river.) Speaking of high water, puts us in mind of the damage done to the Railroad bridges on the Rolling Fork, Beyond New Haven;—the turbulent waters having washed away the entire "truss-work" erected for the purpose of placing up the timbers. Speaking of a bridge puts us in mind that there are divers bridges both on the Campbellsville and Springfield Turnpikes which need looking after. Speaking of Turnpikes, puts us in mind of the fair prospect we have of a Turnpike shortly being completed to Bradfordville as "the work goes bravely on." Speaking of work, puts in mind of reminding our friends that we are always prepared to do *Job Work* upon the shortest notice and upon the most reasonable terms. Call early and secure your seats.

The Grand Jury which sat during last week has done an enormous business. They have searched out and indicted every man who bet a pair of boots or a hat on the Presidential Election, whilst those who made *bona fide* wagers of large sums of money went "Scott free." Not only this, but they took no cognizance whatever of those cases wherein individuals publicly boasted of betting and winning money on the last August election. We like to see every man do his whole duty, but this thing of favoritism we dispise.

On account of the law enacted by the last Legislature in relation to pedlars and auctioneers, the goods recently brought here to be auctioned off will not be sold in that way, but will be sold at private sale. We have examined some of their goods and found them to be not only of good quality but extremely low in price.

On Monday last the last or short session of the present Congress convened at Washington. It being already organized, the President's Message, we suppose, was sent in immediately, perhaps on Monday or Tuesday. The probability is that not much business will be transacted this session, which will be directed to the winding up of the affairs of the expiring administration. The responsibility of new and important measures will be thrown over to the next administration.

The HOG MARKET.—The Louisville Courier of Saturday says the market has assumed a firmer tone, with liberal receipts and a few sales at \$5 75 net. The pens are pretty well filled, and the packers actively at work. The following is from the Cincinnati Gazette of Monday:

The speculative movement in the provision market was somewhat prominent today, and there were sales to a moderate extent—the particulars of which were not made public at advance prices. Lard sold at over 10c for prime barrel. Mess pork brought \$14, and green shoulder was also higher. The advance is however yesterday was 10 1/2 per one hundred pound, closing with a very strong tendency to a fall. The close of the upward movement was in our last issue. It is based entirely on an anticipated deficiency, as indicated by receipts at Cincinnati for this season. There is no comparative demand for products, excepting lard. Country dealers are the most free purchasers. For both lard and pork.

The grief-stricken friends of the late Mr. Morris, who had been committed to the jail, have been allowed to see him, and have been permitted to take his body to the grave.

GREAT HALL OF BUREAU MONEY.—from the Louisville Courier of Nov. 28th we copy the following:

Yesterday a man named Daniel Preston offered a fifty dollar note at the jewelry store of Julius Mendel, which turned out to be broken or spurious. An officer was sent for, and Mr. Bligh having arrived took him in custody. He was searched and four thousand dollars of the bills of a defunct bank in Georgia were found on his person; also five hundred dollars of counterfeit money. He was lodged in jail to await an examination before the Police Court this morning. It is fortunate that this fellow with his heavy cargo of bogus money was arrested before the community had suffered by his spoils.

Time's Changes.—The inventors of steampower, railroads, and machinery, have, during this century, changed the means and courses of living, while the discoveries of science have done even more for the advancement of human happiness and the amelioration of human suffering. Our forefathers, when they were sick, drank their bitter drugs that did not cure, and bowed them down under diseases that are now easily broken. They tried crude roots and herbs, which failed them. Now scientific research has discovered that this peculiar property of one root and that of another was required. It is through this light, and on this principle, Dr. Ayre has compounded his two great remedies—Cherry Pectoral and Cathartic Pills. He has concentrated the curative virtues of our best vegetable remedies. The result shows their origin, and their results are known in this community. Mark the difference to a patient, in the lapse of fifty years. Then he swallowed his bitter pill in vain—now the sick man takes his sugared pill or honied drop, and soon is well again. These adaptations of the sciences which bear upon the security or the comforts of human life are after all the tangible points of their vantage to man. Without them it matters little how much may be discovered, or what we know since it is unable to our necessities and use.—*Eastern Literary Review.*

The Greatest Medicine in the World.—Scarcely a day passes but that we hear of some poor suffering invalid, hopelessly desponding, and beyond the reach of medical skill, having been restored by that surpassing and wonderful medicine known as Hurley's Sarsaparilla. This remedy is frequently substituted, and the unsuspecting and too confident patient made to believe that all sarsaparillas are alike—such is not the case—Hurley's undergoes a peculiar process known only to him, and has never been equaled by any preparation brought to public notice.—*Belt, Clipp.*

Samsbury is fully supplied.

The Elizabethtown Intelligencer furnishes the following items:

On Friday night last a party composed of Wm. Shapaw, his son, and three nephews, tore down a large portion of the fence of Abraham Cowley, on Mill Creek in this county. They were warned off by the old man and his wife; whereupon they proceeded to stone the house, rack the fence, and threatened to kill the old man, and abused and insulted the old lady in the coarsest terms—ending the demonstration by firing a pistol at the house.

On the night of the 21st ult., the store of T. P. Howard, Esq., of Hodgenville, was entered by Hugh and Sam'l. McDaniell, who took five watches therefrom—one gold and four silver. Our informant says that several persons were in the store that evening, and among them was one of these boys, who unscrewed the fastenings that held one of the blinds in the front door, in order that he might take the blind out after the crowd dispersed, which he did, and after cutting the sash out with a knife, entered the store, and took the articles from the show case.

The Decline of Religion.—A correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce says "there has been a remarkable decline in matter of religious interest for about ten years past, especially in the Northern States. The last feature of this decline is scarcity of faithful ministers of the gospel. If any one doubts this, we can send 'facts and figures.' We attribute it almost entirely to the fact of a large portion of the clergy and religious presses being absorbed in the ever-annoying theme of anti-slavery. We now hope there is a good time coming, as the bubble has burst."

A clergyman in the east being supposed at the point of death, a neighboring brother who had some interest with his patron, applied for the next presentation, upon which the former, who soon after recovered, upbraided him with the breach of friendship, and said he wanted his death. No, no, Doctor, said the other, you quite miske me. It was your *living* I wanted.

The workmen in the Commonwealth's five have presented the late editor, Mr. Chandler, a beautiful silver goblet, as a testimonial of their esteem and respect.

A party of workmen, a few days since, while making an excavation at Taylorsville, a little town a few miles below this city, on the Kentucky shore, found a bottle containing bills on the Old United States Bank, amounting to fifty thousand dollars. Our informant is a citizen of the town, he believes them to be genuine bills.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

## Vote of Kentucky.

OFFICIAL MAJORITY FOR BUCHANAN, 6,118.

## Unpardonable Negligence!!

NINE COUNTIES DISFRANCHISED!

We received last night the following special dispatch, from a friend at Frankfort:

FRANKFORT, Dec. 1.

W. N. Buchanan: The vote of Grant, Letcher, and Brecken counties, have not been received at all at the office of the Secretary of State.

The official vote for the two highest candidates for elector stood as follows: Stevenson, Dem., 69,509; Hanson, K. N., 63,391.

Buck and Brock's maj., 6,118.

The votes of Crittenden, Union, Rockcastle, Harlan, Marion, and Rowan counties were thrown out by the Board of Canvassers, on account of informality in their returns. Thus are the voters of nine counties disfranchised by negligence. The official majority for Buchanan and Breckinridge, as declared, is 6,118.

The announcement of the result as above will strike our readers with surprise. It is unpardonable and criminal that the votes of nine counties should thus be disfranchised through the negligence of officials, and although at this time, the general result of the State is not affected by it, yet, if the vote had been a close one, a very unfortunate and unpleasant state of feeling would have been a necessary consequence. The vote of the nine counties disfranchised are reported thus:

	Buchanan	Filmore
Crittenden	644	506
Union	425	653
Rockcastle	184	417
Marion	1154	418
Harlan	244	331
Rowan	237	106
Letcher	109 maj.	---
Grant	35 "	---
Brecken	---	126 maj.
Buck's maj.	995	---
To which add Buchanan's official majority	6118	---
	7113	---

—thus showing Buchanan's actual majority in Kentucky to be nearly one thousand votes greater than the "official" count makes it.

It may be all right; but it certainly looks a little suspicious that the knowledge of officials at Frankfort only discovered discrepancies in counties giving in the aggregate a large Democratic majority.

ORTHOGRAPHY CLASS.—Teacher: Spell

Boy: A-x-c.

Teacher: What is an ax?

Boy: An instrument for cutting.

Teacher: How many kinds of axes are there?

Boy: Broad axe, narrow axe, post axe, axe of the Legislature, axing price, and axe of the Apostles.

Teacher: Good. Go to the head of the class. You'll be President of the United States—perhaps.

SHIRTS IN NICARAGUA.—Shirts must be scarce in Nicaragua. A correspondent of the Granada newspaper, signing himself "Titus Bricks," says: "Being very glad to learn Spanish, I have begun to board at a native's house. Before I was there many days, I became acquainted with a very pleasant native woman, who gave me to understand that she washed clothes, and insisted upon washing my shirt. I told her as well as I could that I usually did it myself at the lake, where I could lie in the water till it dried, under the pretence of bathing. Women have always been my weakness. I gave her the shirt four days ago, and she has not returned with it. I will not tell you how I feel; but having abated four days is no joke."

It is stated in one of our Pittsburg exchanges that there are four million bushels of coal there awaiting a rise in the river to be started for parts below.—*Lou. Courier.*

There is now building at East Boston an iron steam ship of war intended for the Viceroy of Egypt. She is 216 feet long, 37 wide, and 21 feet deep, with long sharp ends, slightly concave waterlines, and a semicircular stern. She will be ready for launching in December. She will be shiprigged. She is intended as a yacht for the Viceroy of Egypt, who had her built in the United States, upon the supposition that he would obtain a letter-model for speed that could be produced in either England or France.

A free negro perpetrated a horrid outrage upon the person of a Mrs. Morris, in Manchester, Ohio, on Sunday night last. Mr. Morris was absent at Cincinnati. The negro entered the house through the back window, about two o'clock at night, and after beating her until she was insensible, committed his infernal purpose.

During his sulk with Mrs. Morris she had scratched his face and he was thus detected. A mob collected and hung him to a tree, but the rope broke and he was thus saved for the present. He was then committed to jail. But upon the return of Mr. Morris, he and a brother of Mrs. Morris headed an mob and took the negro from the jail and hung him. The mob then dispersed.

## Gubernatorial Vote of 1855, and Presidential Vote of 1856.

For the convenience of our readers, we publish the official vote of Kentucky for Governor last year, and the vote for President this year:

Counties.	Morehead	Clark	Filmore	Buchanan
Adair	431	942	455	1033
Allen	605	680	537	713
Anderson	351	695	299	737
Ballard	372	562	000	331
Bartons	1510	1153	1561	1232
Bath	673	1045	000	384
Boone	915	673	937	818
Bourbon	994	535	957	601
Boyle	697	356	676	382
Brecken	929	400	105	000
Breckinridge	126	493	000	309
Bullitt	1128	307	1608	628
Butler	600	431	545	561
Caldwell	436	548	000	142
Calloway	165	980	209	1203
Campbell	956	1166	905	1219
Carroll	457	453	439	511
Carter	354	628	000	550
Cassey	639	429	134	000
Christian	1030	848	1606	1025
Clark	955	330	946	418
Clay	308	476	419	367
Clinton	286	540	266	522
Crittenden	350	594	000	000
Cumberland	582	324	635	335
Daviess	902	826	000	13
Edmonson	183	400	101	421
Estill	558	619	489	563
Fayette	1439	815	1404	1066
Flemming	1120	715	29	060
Floyd	153	769	85	940
Franklin	946	764	833	794
Fulton	193	335	313	460
Gallatin	450	290	423	405
Garrard	576	268	866	423
Grant	735	541	000	35
Graves	548	1231	475	1380
Grayson	523	599	477	651
Greene	467	782	407	639
Greenup	941	542	000	000
Hancock	418	351	425	400
Hardin	1391	586	1220	932
Harlan	398	282	000	090
Harrison	1065	866	935	1095
Hart	793	791	569	866
Henderson	881	657	865	767
Henry	805	944	000	316
Hickman	173	512	244	630
Hopkins	925	1066	000	300
Jefferson	4416	2311	4982	2072
Jessamine	565	505	614	552
Johnson	36	597	14	700
Kenton	1278	1292	1216	1643
Knox	562	326	595	266
Larue	584	391	546	489
Laurel	373	441	132	000
Lawrence	530	382	000	60
Letcher	72	300	000	000
Lewis	619	407	000	97
Lincoln	578	469	796	450
Livingston	493	293	85	000
Logan	1540	386	1612	506
Lyon	255	302	000	137
Madison	1287	810	1087	832
Marion	433	1172	418	1154
Marshall	101	893	000	829
Mason	1355	723	1368	994
McCracken	648	391	154	000
McLean	258	251	041	577
Meade	786	333	711	412
Mercer	750	986	615	1121
Montgomery	603	423	516	451
Monroe	306	624	000	48
Morgan	379	1040	283	1071
Muhlenburg	893	834	000	6
Nelson	819	1027	793	1041
Nicholas	759	699	608	709
Ohio	931	805	813	901
Oldham	424	485	387	528
Owen	375	1306	554	1579
Owsley	319	478	369	447
Pendleton	779	354	746	732
Peru	126	256	000	000
Pike	108	712	680	570
Powell	159	177	167	177
Polaski	1083	1283	000	360
Rockcastle	416	218	417	153
Russell	439	375	419	429
Rowan	(new county)	109	000	---
Scott	765	869	674	1049
Shelby	1320	611	1262	773
Simpson	437	533	436	536
Spencer	438	429	000	50
Taylor	371	611	347	672
Todd	667	554	762	575
Trigg	594	728	581	859
Trimble	275	504	273	599
Union	694	759	000	225
Warren	1282	632	1352	695
Washington	467	1120	441	1116
Wayne	676	661	000	185
Whitley	483	374	000	000
Woodford	682	357	672	420
Total	69816	65113	---	---

IMPORTANT FACT.—Buchanan a majority President.—Notwithstanding all the boasts of the opposition to the contrary, it turns out, as stated by us, that Mr. Buchanan is a majority President of the United States. If every individual who voted for Filmore in the United States had voted for Fremont, or *vice versa*, it would not have changed the result. Mr. Buchanan received a majority of the votes polled in fourteen Southern States, which cast one hundred and twelve electoral votes. In addition he carries the States of Pennsylvania and Indiana by absolute majorities over everything; they are entitled to forty electoral votes, and added to the South it makes one hundred and forty-two, three more than is necessary to a choice.

The union of the opposition forces upon one man could not have beaten Mr. Buchanan. The crucial canvas shows this to be a fact. The Filmoreans did not hold the balance of power; they were not to have all the votes. Mr. Buchanan, in truth and fact, is a majority President.

## The Oratorio—A Card.

Philip Spalding was great pleasure in publicly declaring his hearty thanks to the ladies and gentlemen and our professional musicians of this city who so generously volunteered their services in getting up and conducting the late Oratorio in the Cathedral. The memory of the brilliant success which crowned their efforts, as attested by the unanimous public verdict, will live over their spirits in after life with soothing and cheering influence like sweet sounds of distant music wafted over the waters. Than this pleasing reminiscence, and the consciousness of having well done a good deed, they need ask no better reward in this world. That health, happiness, and the divine blessing may ever attend them, and that all their future undertakings may be rewarded with equal success, by the sincere wish and prayer of the Bishop, who also discharges a duty most grateful to his feelings in making his acknowledgements to the large, respectable, and appreciating audience who attended the Oratorio amount to a handsome sum of eleven hundred dollars. Considerable more, it is believed, than was ever before realized by a sacred concert in this city.

THE GRAND ORATORIO.—The Grand Oratorio which came off at the Cathedral last evening was successful beyond the hopes of its most earnest friends. Notwithstanding the portentous aspect of the weather, an immense number of the beauty and gallantry of the city commenced thronging the aisle, and by seven o'clock there was scarcely a vacant seat to be found. There were twenty-two or twenty three hundred persons present, all of whom testified to the superior excellence of the entertainment by the profoundest attention.

It is rarely in our pleasure to partake of so rich a musical treat. We doubt if we shall ever enjoy its superior. The very finest amateur talent of the city—the powerful and charming voice of male and female, with the rich tones of one of the finest organs of the West, conspired to produce such music as seldom falls upon the ear in this or any other country.

The object of the Oratorio was to raise the necessary means for the purchase of a town clock weighing 4,000 pounds—much the largest in the city—to be placed in the tower at an elevation of one hundred and fifty feet from the pavement. And we are gratified to state that the liberal spirit evinced by our citizens last night has secured this desirable end.

Louisville Times

An Italian journal states that a carpenter discovered a new method of constructing a locomotive engine, which may be set in motion without the aid of steam, human labor, or fuel. Its daily cost is limited to the value of the grease required to diminish friction, and its use is free from any danger whatever. The inventor, Gioacchino Papa, living at Brescia, proposes to dispose of his secret. The engine will cost 20,000 francs, is of 100 horse power, and 10,000 francs for every additional 100 horse power.

ENORMOUS CONSUMPTION OF CIGARS.—The fabrication of cigars in Lyons, France, has increased within the last year in the proportion of 20 to 9, and yet the quantity supplied is scarcely sufficient for the consumption. The depot of Bourg receives each month 256,000 cigars of five centimes, which gives three millions per annum. The consumption of Lyons is 75,000 cigars a day, or 2,250,000 per month.

## GRAHAM'S Illustrated Magazine.

The Fiftieth Volume commences with the next January number. Watson & Co., the new publishers of this Magazine, announce to their patrons and the public generally that it is their intention to make use of all the immense resources at their command to produce a *First Class Magazine*. To this end no expense or exertion will be spared.

Every number will contain two fine Steel Engravings. Fine Wood Engravings will illustrate many of the articles published in each number.

The Ladies' Work Table.—Under this head they will present, in each number, a great variety of Useful and Ornamental Designs and Patterns for Crochet and Needle Work, with full directions for working, when necessary.

The Fashion Department of this Magazine will be fully equal and in some respects superior to that of any other Magazine published.

The Literary contents will combine all that is useful, instructive, and entertaining, consisting in part of Historical Romances, Sketches of Travel, Tales of society, Stanzas, Gems of Poetry, Interesting Extracts from New Works, Criticisms, Fairy Tales, Tales of the Wonderful, and many other works of interest.

The Twelve numbers of this Magazine for 1857 will comprise one of the most magnificent volumes ever issued, containing in all twelve hundred pages of Reading matter, one hundred fine wood engravings, twelve handsome steel engravings, twelve beautiful colored Fashion Plates, one hundred engravings of Ladies' and Children's Dress, fifty comic illustrations, and over three hundred patterns of Needlework, &c.

TERMS.—One copy one year, \$3; two copies, \$5; five copies, (and one to getter up of club), \$10; eleven copies, (and one to agent), \$20.

Send in your subscriptions early to WATSON & CO., 50 South Third Street, Philadelphia. Extra Notice.—Subscribers sending three dollars for one year's subscription to Graham's Magazine, will receive a copy of Graham's Ladies' Paper for one year without charge.

## Lady's Paper, devoted entirely to the Wants of the Lady of America.

TERMS.—Six copies, 50 cents; five copies, \$2; ten copies, and one sent to getter up of club, for \$5; always payable in advance.

Graham's Ladies' Paper, published monthly, a miscellany of Fashion, Romance, Tales, and General Literature; the Ladies' Companion to Graham's Illustrated Magazine; Charles G. Leland, Editor.

The size of the paper will be eight large pages of four columns each, especially adapted to binding.

The contents will be of a varied and interesting character, embracing a good selection of Tales and Romances, by the most popular writers.

A handsome plate of the Fashions will be published in each number, accompanied with engravings of Mantillas, Shawls, Bonnets, Children's Dresses, &c. Crochet and Needlework, with plain and minute instructions for working.







...ological.—An old Connecticut... went to his parson with the follow-  
...ious inquiry:  
"Dr. T., do you believe in the new story  
they tell about the earth moving around  
the sun?"  
"To be sure."  
"And do you think that it is according  
to the Scriptures? If it be true, how  
could Joshua command the sun to stand  
still?"  
"Humph!" quoth the doctor, scratching  
his head; Joshua commanded the sun to  
stand still, did he?"  
"Yes," quoth the farmer.  
"Well, it stood still, didn't it?"  
"Yes."  
"Very well; did you ever hear that he  
set it going again?"  
The farmer smoothed down the nether  
end of his phiz and vanished, leaving the  
parson and Joshua to set the sun going at  
their first convenience.

TEXAS COURTSHIP.—"Hello, gal, how's  
your ma?"  
"Haint got none here—reckon she's dead  
by this time, too."  
"Well, how's pa?"  
"He was hung last May."  
"Humph—what are you doing?"  
"Just looking about."  
"Zactly what Ize a doing. Spose we  
kitch and proximate?"  
"Zactly—but who'll pay the judge?"  
"Guess I'll fodder up one half of the  
providence, if you'll go the other heat?"  
"Well—but I've only got a counterfeited  
note."  
"Just zactly my own premises. Come,  
if we can't fool one judge, we can another  
—so come on, gal—here, take my arm,  
and we'll try, anyhow."

Home Remedies.

In another column of to-day's paper  
will be found the advertisement of L. H.  
Noble & Co. Their preparations are  
made among us and are known to be at  
least equal, if not superior to any others of  
similar kinds put up anywhere. The  
Chill and Fever Remedy has no superior,  
as can be satisfactorily shown by those  
who have been cured by it. The sale has  
been so great for the past few weeks, and  
the satisfaction it has given so general,  
that the proprietors will, in the course of  
a few coming weeks, send to different  
parts of the country one hundred dozen.

This remedy is not only safe and certain,  
but by its combining in just proportions  
the properties of a Tonic and Anti-Peri-  
odic, Cathartic, and Diaphoretic, it needs  
no other medicine to accompany it; and  
besides it leaves the system free in a great  
measure, from the usual tendency to a re-  
turn of the disease.

The Sarsaparilla is the official prepa-  
ration, made after the formula of the Uni-  
ted States Dispensatory, and contains only  
the pure and fresh Honduras Root. It is  
recommended by our Physicians as supe-  
rior to any other in the market. Its rapid  
sale among us, to those who know its  
qualities and the manner of its prepara-  
tion would seem to be its best recommen-  
dation.

Of the Extract of Jamaica Ginger, it has  
been in use extensively for three years past  
and gives general satisfaction.

These preparations are not Patent  
Medicines. There is no secret about  
them. The public can see the formula  
by which they are prepared, and any re-  
spectable Physician can have the same by  
application to the proprietors in person or  
by letter.

These remedies can always be had,  
wholesale or retail, of the proprietors, at  
their Drug Store in Lebanon, Ky., and  
of Druggists generally.

The Scientific American

TWELFTH YEAR!

One Thousand Dollar Cash Prizes!

The Twelfth Annual Volume of this  
useful publication commences on the 13th  
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The Scientific American is an illustrated  
periodical, devoted chiefly to the promul-  
gation of information relating to the vari-  
ous Mechanic and Chemie Arts, Industrial  
Manufactures, Agriculture, Patents, In-  
ventions, Engineering, Millwork, and all  
interests which the light of practical  
science is calculated to advance.

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also published every week, including offi-  
cial copies of all the Patent claims, togeth-  
er with news and information upon thou-  
sands of other subjects.

\$1000—in cash prizes—will be paid on  
the 1st of January next, for the largest  
list of subscribers, as follows: \$200 for the  
1st; \$175 for the 2nd; \$150 for the 3d;  
\$125 for the 4th; \$100 for the 5th; \$75  
for the 6th; \$50 for the 7th; 40 for the 8th;  
\$30 for the 9th; \$25 for the 10th; \$20 for  
the 11th; and \$10 for the 12th. For all  
clubs of 20 and upwards, the subscription  
price is only \$1 40. Names can be sent  
from any Post-office until January 1st,  
1857. Here are fine chances to secure  
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complete and splendid volume, illustrated  
with several hundred original engravings.

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year, or \$1 for six months. Five copies,  
for six months, \$4; for a year, \$8. Spec-  
imen copies sent gratis.

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Messrs. Munn & Co. are extensively  
engaged in procuring patents for new  
inventions, and will advise inventors, with-  
out charge, in regard to the novelty of  
their improvements.

Suppose a fellow who has got nothing,  
marries a girl who has nothing: is her  
things hisen, or his things hers?  
We really can't tell. Ask Johnson—  
he knows all about such things.

Get this line by heart.

PROSPECTUS  
OF  
**THE POST.**

Believing as we do, that the perpetuity,  
welfare, and prosperity of our beloved  
country have been jeopardized by the fan-  
cies of the North; we, the undersigned,  
have come to the conclusion that our voice  
as a public journalist should be put for-  
ward in defense of those things hitherto  
held sacred by every one who breathed  
the free air of America; be they Catholic  
or Protestant; native born or foreign-born.  
The Constitution of the United States guar-  
antees to every man, who, either is ac-  
cidentally born within her limits, or swear  
eternally allegiance to her laws; protection,  
suffrage, and the right, (particularly,) to  
worship God according to the dictates of  
his own conscience. Therefore, conceiv-  
ing as we do, that the DEMOCRATIC  
PARTY, is the only one that advocates  
"Equal Rights to all, and exclusive privi-  
leges to none," we shall, in public, as we  
have heretofore in private, advocate and  
support the tenets of the Democratic Par-  
ty. We have had it too often thrown in  
our teeth, when we wished to show up  
fully in its true color, that we were "non-  
neutral," and consequently had no right to  
say aught in regard to any political subject,  
either privately or publicly. We have  
got tired of this, and although the bustle  
and commotion of politics suits not our in-  
clination; yet, under the exigencies of the  
case, we think it our imperative duty to  
publish a strictly

DEMOCRATIC PAPER.

Those who take our paper hereafter,  
shall never have the pleasure of saying to  
us that we have transgressed the bounds  
of "neutrality," for we intend to have the  
privilege of saying what we please, and  
leaving as we do, the buckler of TRUTH,  
we fear not the arrows of error. In thus  
throwing broadcast, the glorious old  
banner of Democracy, which we have  
been forced to do by inadvertent circum-  
stances, which we will explain hereafter,  
we have only acted in self-defense; but of  
that, more anon.

Heretofore, our pen, humble and feeble  
though it be, will be dedicated to the  
Democratic principles, whilst at the same  
time, we will not forget to place before  
our readers each week, matter for their  
amusement, edification and instruction.

TERMS:—THE POST will be furnished  
to subscribers at \$2 00 per year, if paid in  
advance. When payment is delayed for  
six months, \$2 50 will be exacted, and  
when payments are delayed until the end  
of the year, \$3 00 will, in all cases, be ex-  
acted. Clubs of ten or more, however,  
will be taken at \$1 50 each, where the money  
accompanies the list.

W. W. JACK,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,  
LEBANON, KY., December 1st, 1855.

Scott's Weekly Paper.

The Publishers of this large and popu-  
lar Family Journal offers for the coming  
year, (1856) a combination of Literary at-  
tractions heretofore unattempted by any  
of the Philadelphia Weeklies. Among  
the new features will be a new and bril-  
liant series of Original Romances by  
George Lippard, entitled "Legends of the  
Last Century." All who have read Mr.  
Lippard's celebrated Legends of the  
American Revolution published for fifty-  
three consecutive weeks in the Saturday  
Courier, will find these pictures of French  
and American History endowed with all  
the power and brilliancy of his previous  
productions. The first of a series of Ori-  
ginal Novellettes, called "Morris Hartley,"  
or the Knights of the Mystic Valley, by  
Harrison W. Ainsworth, is about to be  
commenced. It will be handsomely illus-  
trated with 12 fine engravings, and its  
startling incidents cannot fail to elicit un-  
divided praise. Emerson Bennett, the  
distinguished Novelist, the favorite of the  
West, and the author of some of the finest  
productions ever read, is also engaged to  
furnish a brilliant Novellette to follow the  
above. Mrs. Mary Andrews Denison, au-  
thor of Home Pictures, Patience Worth-  
ington and her Grandmother, &c., will  
contribute a splendid Domestic Novel-  
lette, entitled the "Old Ivy Grove," and  
H. C. Watson an illustrated Story called  
the "Two Edged Knife"—a graphic pic-  
ture of Early Life in Old Kentucky. To  
these will be added Original Contribu-  
tions and selections from Mrs. Caroline  
Lee Hentz, Clara Clairville, Lillie Liberte,  
Grace Greenwood, and other distinguish-  
ed writers; the news of the day, graphic  
editorials, full reports of the provision,  
money, and stock markets, letters from  
travelers at home and abroad, &c., &c.

TERMS.—One copy, one year, \$2; two  
copies, one year, \$3; four copies one year,  
\$5; nine copies, one year, and one to the  
getter-up of the club, \$10; twenty copies,  
one year, and one to the getter up of the  
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W. W. JACK.

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MANSION HOUSE,  
BARDSTOWN, KY.

MESSRS. MOORE & O'BRYAN

Announce to their friends and the public that  
they have leased for a term of years the above  
well-known

HOTEL AND STAGE STAND.

The House has been renovated and re-  
arranged, and everything put in proper order  
for the entertainment of Travelers and Boarders.  
Jan. 23, 1856—tf

SPRING AND SUMMER  
STYLE OF  
**HATS AND CAPS!!**

My facilities for the purchasing of materi-  
als, and the manufacturing to order of  
SUPERIOR HATS, are not excelled in the Wes-  
tern Country.

I have on hand, and am constantly manufactur-  
ing to order

Black and White Beaver,  
Nutria, Brush, Russia and Otter Hats, &c. Also  
the Spring style of Hats from the most celebra-  
ted houses in the city of New York. Together  
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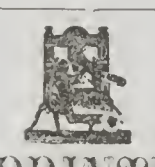
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